OLD TESTAMENT MEDITATIONS

BY

THE LATE FATHER MATURIN

OLD TESTAMENT MEDITATIONS

Nihil obstat:

GEORGIUS D. SMITH,
Censor Deputatus.

Imprimatur:

EDM. CAN. SURMONT,
Vicarius Generalis.

WESTMONASTERII, *die* 25 *Octobris*, 1926.

OLD TESTAMENT MEDITATIONS

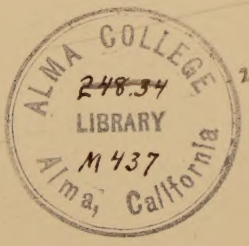
BY

THE LATE FATHER MATURIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

MAISIE WARD

AUTHOR OF "A MEMOIR OF FATHER MATURIN"



246.72

SHEED AND WARD
31 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

B. HERDER BOOK CO.
15 & 17 SOUTH BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

1927

3671

Made and Printed in Great Britain at
The Mayflower Press, Plymouth. William Brendon & Son, Ltd.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	7
HOSEA	17
BALAAM	34
BALAAM AND BALAC	47
THE CURSING OF MEROZ	55
THE RETREATS OF ELIAS, MOSES AND ST. JOHN	64
I. ELIAS	68
II. MOSES	76
III. ST. JOHN THE DIVINE	83
THE DEFEAT OF THE AMALEKITES	88
THE PROPHETS	94
THE PATTERN ON THE MOUNT	100

INTRODUCTION

BASIL WILLIAM MATURIN was born in February, 1847, and died in the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7th, 1915. His father, Dr. Maturin, Vicar of All Saints, Grangegorman, was at that date practically unique in being a High Church clergyman in the Established Church of Ireland. His large family were educated at home and at a day school in Dublin and were of course taught an immense amount of Catholic doctrine. Three of the brothers became clergymen, two sisters Anglican nuns.

Basil Maturin was destined for the army, but the death of one of his brothers and his own dangerous illness in 1868 changed his outlook on life and he decided to take orders. After a short time of parochial work, a retreat at Cowley intensified a wish he had already felt to join a religious order, and he entered the novitiate in February, 1873.

It was on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his going to Cowley (February 22nd, 1897) that Father Maturin arranged to go to Beaumont to make his submission to the Catholic Church. For ten years the question of her claims had

seldom left his mind. Apart from the trial and strain of this anxiety, his years in the Society of St. John the Evangelist had been very happy. Ten of them were spent in Philadelphia, and there and in England his chief work lay in preaching, giving retreats, and in the guidance of individual souls. So Catholic was his outlook that it is often necessary to look at the date on a letter or notebook to see whether it belongs to his life as an Anglican or as a Catholic. He explains this himself by saying, of one going through his own experience :

"Then you began to realise more and more that you were an alien, the citizen of another country, a waif adopted by one who was not his mother, and all the inborn instincts for home and country had awakened in you. The voice of the teacher you had been following moved you, and drew you, because of its resemblance to that of another whom your instincts recognised almost unconsciously. All that was true and beautiful in what she taught you, stirred and awakened dim memories of a long-forgotten home.

"In a word, you perceived that in truth you had never been an Anglican, that what you had loved and craved for was the Roman Catholic Church, and that you had loved and received all, and only, that which resembled her." (*The Price of Unity*, p. 20.)

After his reception into the Church, Father Maturin went first to Archbishop's House,

Westminster, where he formed a warm friendship with Cardinal Vaughan. He made several attempts in the years that followed to take up definite parochial work and one tremendous effort to go, at the age of fifty, through the Benedictine noviceship. These efforts were unsuccessful and to-day we can, perhaps, see a reason.

Father Maturin's life-work was indicated by his unique gifts. He was a born orator and guide of souls. Up to his death he was using these two powers to the utmost, and to do so he had to be free from routine work and to be ready for every call that came.

Of all Father Maturin's work as a preacher his retreats were, perhaps, his very best. In a retreat he found space to stretch his thoughts, he was not tied to the limit of a half-hour or even an hour for the unfolding of his theme, he was not hampered by the difficulties of voice production in a big building. Above all, he realised he was speaking to an audience of enthusiasts capable of being carried along with him and of giving a real response to the appeal of his eloquence. For it is chiefly the enthusiastic who go into retreat—especially into a retreat where they know they will be made to work.

This fact—that he made his retreatants work—is the one interesting and possibly cogent criticism that may be made against Father Maturin's way of giving a retreat.

There is a point of view which maintains that in a retreat mental activity should not be aimed at, that the soul is better able to "wait on God" and hearing His voice form and renew good resolutions, if the mind is not too vigorously awake.

Such a point of view was not Father Maturin's. He would always have stressed the text "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole mind," and in his retreats he would bring out some fresh line of thought, some new way of looking at eternal truth which should correct past failures of the mind as well as of the will. He himself said once that to be really successful a preacher must reach the mind, the heart, and the will of those to whom he is speaking. The number of retreats he gave witnessed to Father Maturin's success. Both before and after he left the Church of England he was constantly called upon for every variety in this kind—to religious, to ladies, to whole parishes, to boys' schools.

At most of his retreats eager listeners struggled with the fearful task of note-taking. The head of a training school for secretaries said once that if any of her pupils had a high opinion of her own speed and efficiency as a writer of shorthand she would send her to report Father Maturin. The young reporter always returned a wiser and a sadder woman.

The present volume is made up of notes taken by retreatants and of some of the pencil

outlines left by Father Maturin, many of which were used in *Sermons and Sermon Notes*. A full collection of them would be enormous. With a single exception, those here chosen have been drawn from his *Old Testament Meditations*.

Few preachers gain as much as did Father Maturin from the Old Testament. He almost knew it by heart, and the great figures of the historical books seemed his familiar friends. He would often discuss their characters in conversation, expressing vivid personal likes and dislikes. In his Old Testament studies he used to the full both his rare psychological insight and his power of painting a picture. From these pictures he would go on to draw analogies, showing that the temptations and weaknesses of these men of old were really very much the same as those from which we suffer to-day. Human nature does not change much and we can learn from the defeats and the successes of which the inspired writers tell us much that has a bearing on our own lives and conduct.

The best of these reports is but a skeleton if it could ever be compared again with the full living reality of Father Maturin's preaching. And yet we would not be without them. There is in St. Peter's a famous tomb in which a skeleton is seen to rush out from beneath heavy falling drapery, in vivid contrast to the living forms sculptured on either side of

him. Lovers of the baroque tell us that this strange and angular figure expresses movement after its own fashion, and invests with marvellous vitality the form of death itself. Death is swallowed up in life, and the very symbol of his triumph is converted into the sure promise of his defeat.

"Shall these dry bones live?" asks the prophet of old. And the Christian artist answers: "Lord God, Thou knowest that they shall."

These notes form a framework, a skeleton of Father Maturin's thoughts, and they have about them this same vivid energy. There are preachers who hide so skilfully the want of thought under a veil of words and images that we should be startled at the meagreness of their sermons if they could be given us stripped of these accessories. Even while we listen we sometimes darkly wonder whether underneath the flow of language there is either "no outline" or only what Mr. Mantalini would call a "dem'd outline."

With Father Maturin, much as we miss the spell of the living voice, the force of the thought is so clear when it is stripped bare, the vigour and vitality are so great, that perhaps, like Bernini's skeleton, the outlines of his retreats may give us a fresh unexpected view of life triumphant.

In preaching as truly as in art or music whole schools grow up from the influence of

one man of genius. And if the master be great enough he will develop rather than stifle the originality of his pupil. Few of his admirers attempted to imitate Father Maturin's manner in preaching. His voice was often unequal to a big church, his delivery was far too rapid and he had a trying habit of suddenly swinging round and confiding the inmost heart of his discourse to the pillar behind him! But many, it would be safe to say, have modelled themselves on his mind and have tried to make their own the spirit and the mental atmosphere that were his. Many of Father Maturin's thoughts have already shown themselves "seed thoughts" for the next generation. Mgr. Benson was not the only preacher, himself famous, who would have said, as he once did after hearing him: "Not quite as good as usual, but at his worst he's better than anybody else."

At least one preacher who was brought into the Church by Father Maturin expressed a strong resolution to make Scripture the basis of all his retreats—and he gave many. It may be hoped that layfolk who have attended these retreats or who read the present volume may be won thereby to a greater interest in the Old Testament. It is hoped that the insertion of the passages to which Father Maturin referred at the head of each of the meditations may both add to the usefulness of the book and impel its readers to turn to the context.

The elements that chiefly made up Father

Maturin's success were, as we have seen, his amazingly sure psychology, his minute knowledge of the Scriptures in the very beautiful English version he had learnt in his youth ; to these things we must add the poetic intensity which he owed, perhaps, to his mixed French and Celtic origin. Enough of this has been said in the introduction to *Sermons and Sermon Notes*, but it may be worth noticing here that Basil Maturin was the grandson of that Maturin, famous in his day as a writer of novels of a weird and eerie kind. Forgotten to-day, Charles Maturin was admired by Byron and Scott, and powerfully influenced French fiction of his date. Balzac said of his work that it was "*pas moins puissant que celle de Goethe*," and in "*Melmoth l'inconnu*" he traced the further history of Maturin's *Melmoth*.

The contrast, in spirit and in outlook, between the elder Maturin and his descendant could hardly have been more complete. The author of *Bertram* and *Melmoth* wrote sermons on "The Errors of the Church of Rome." He drew lurid pictures of unhappy beings immured in Spanish convents. Catholicism was to him "the most debased form of Christianity." Darkened with all the terrors of secret dungeons, tyrannous priests, scourges and the fires of the Inquisition, it emulated "the worship of Moloch" and distorted every human feeling.

It is one of the ironies of history that the man who thus championed the Protestantism

of the Established Church of Ireland of his time should have been the father of the eminent Tractarian and the grandfather of a priest of the Church that he hated so bitterly.

In reading the books of the elder Maturin one feels that he bequeathed to his descendant something more solid than his fantastic hatred of Rome. In spite of the obvious drawbacks of the costume novel of that date, with all its remoteness from life, there is something very much alive in Charles Maturin's books. There is a power of language and with it an immense vigour of imagination. It is truly a dark imagination, filled with images of horrors, human and ghostly. Over the lightheartedness of a Catholic country he casts a pall of Calvinism and then sees it through a black cloud of his own making, full of life but the life of demons. No better comment could be made on the two systems represented by grandfather and grandson than by contrasting the effect upon their outlook on human life.

Father Maturin had the very same force and vigour of imagination as his grandfather, he had the same flow of language. But to the one humanity was dark, to the other bright. Father Maturin could indeed "sup on horrors" from time to time with a hearty appetite, and his ghost stories would have done no discredit to his ancestor's most "creepy" works. But he realised that horrors were no more the staple diet of humanity than darkness was its light.

The goodness and charities are to the author of *Melmoth* but rare gleams against a dark background, to Father Maturin evil and tragedy are the passing shadows: goodness is the abiding reality.

When Father Maturin died he had begun to write a volume on the Seven Deadly Sins. His friends told him when he described how it would be written that they saw that he intended to make it quite clear that all the deadly sins were only virtues in disguise. He did, in fact, see so clearly the abounding beauty and goodness of human nature that it was very hard for him to believe in the existence in it of what was evil. He loved the words, "Thy hands have made me and fashioned me." He loved the thought that the Restoration began, in anticipation, immediately after the Fall. "The Architect comes to the ruined building, and not having forgotten his plan, which is ever in His mind, and has never changed, He says, 'I will restore it, for I originally made it'." Manichaeism and Calvinism seemed to Father Maturin the most terrible of heresies, and he loved to say, with St. Augustine, "*Agnosce Christiane dignitatem tuam.*"

Note.—In quoting Scripture, Father Maturin was not verbally accurate and sometimes used a translation of his own. In this volume the Douay Version has been used for the long extracts, but Father Maturin's own version is retained in the Meditations themselves.

HOSEA

INTRODUCTION TO A RETREAT

Hosea ii. 11–19

And I will cause all her mirth to cease: her solemnities, her new moons, her sabbaths, and all her festival times.

And I will destroy her vines and her fig trees, of which she said: These are my rewards which my lovers have given me. And I will make her as a forest, and the beasts of the field shall devour her.

And I will visit upon her the days of Baalim, to whom she burnt incense and decked herself out with her earrings and with her jewels, and went after her lovers and forgot Me, saith the Lord.

Therefore, behold, I will allure her, and will lead her into the wilderness: and I will speak to her heart.

And I will give her vine-dressers out of the same place, and the valley of Achor for an opening of hope: and she shall sing there according to the days of her youth, and according to the days of her coming up out of the land of Egypt.

And it shall be in that day, saith the Lord,

that she shall call me, My husband; and she shall call me no more Baali.

And I will take away the names of Baalim out of her mouth: and she shall no more remember their name. . . .

And I will espouse thee to me for ever: and I will espouse thee to me in justice and judgment, and in mercy and in commiserations.

THE prophet Hosea,[1] whose words we shall consider this evening, is the first of the twelve usually called the Minor Prophets. They are so called, not because their prophecies are of minor importance, but because they are contained in a smaller bulk than those of the great prophets who precede them. It was at the period when the sun of Israel was about to set that there arose on the horizon the stars of the minor prophets. Amongst them Hosea stands out conspicuously as the prophet of *Israel*. He lived in strange and troublous times, and through many terrible scenes. The king, in whose reign he first appears on the scene, Jeroboam II of Israel, had indeed extended his kingdom and increased its temporal greatness, but all the time moral corruption was eating out the very heart and life of the nation. Hosea lived through the reigns of seven kings, witnessed four revolu-

[1] The Douay Version, which elsewhere is almost exclusively used for proper names, has *Osee*.

tions and prophesied during a period of sixty or seventy years. He saw that the Church as well as the people of Israel was in its death-agony, and knowing this he knew also that God had sent him to stand at the helm of that doomed vessel and strive to guide it into the harbour. He had no great things to prophesy, as Isaiah had to the sister kingdom of Judah, which, deeply as it had fallen, yet was not cast off by God; he had only the hardest, sternest truths to utter. His messages were such as these: "I will cause to cease the kingdom of the house of Israel" (i. 4). "I will no more have mercy upon the house of Israel; but I will utterly take them away." . . . "Ye are not my people, and I will not be your God" (6 and 9). Israel had been tried, been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and it was Hosea who was sent to tell her so.

Now there are two things which especially tend to harden the character. One is to be constantly surrounded by sin. At first the mind revolts against it; but at last it tolerates and ends by liking it, and so the character and conscience become hard. The other is to be continually contemplating the judgment and justice of God, and so lose the balance and forget that God is Love. Now in these two conditions Hosea found himself—he was surrounded on all sides by sin, and he could not help, for he was divinely commanded to do so, always dwelling on the judgments of God.

Unlike a dying man who, when everyone around him knows that he is dying, yet clings himself tenaciously to life and hopes for recovery, Hosea knew there was no hope for the people of Israel. He knew it, for God had told him so, and this was the message he had to deliver. Call after call had been given and then rejected, and so they were incapable now of responding to another call, of rising to their vocation ; they were as the heathen around them ; this last chance was gone beyond possibility of recovery.

And yet Hosea's character was not hard. When we read his prophecy, grown old as he was in the sickening sight of the utter corruption of his country, seeing the streets running with blood and all the horrors he tells us of, seeing and knowing all this, what strikes us as the characteristic of his prophecy is (1) his intense tenderness, and (2) his wonderful hopefulness. He had a hard message, but he was not hard himself. He had a message of utter despair. Yet somehow he turns it to hope, and many of the phrases which have come back to you in times of desolation as words of comfort and hope have been uttered by one whose only message was one of despair. How came this ? We shall see. Hosea in his own domestic life was a very epitome of the history of the dealings of God with Israel. We see this in the first two chapters, where under the history of his own faithless wife he draws for us the

picture of the equally faithless people. Hosea's personal life was not simply his own affair, it was all a type of the history of the unrequited love of God for Israel. Even the very names of his children had their own terrible meaning and were to be a warning to Israel. And so the words he speaks to his people are the words he learnt at home from his wife and children. His mission to the nation was wrapt up in his own domestic life. He learnt tenderness and devotedness to his people from his own hard lot in life.

And so may not God be training us for future work in ways which we cannot understand now? "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." The trial which is crushing you now may be to enable you to be a very "Son of Consolation" to some poor soul who in years hence you may have to steer through the darkness up to the light.

So we see that hope and tenderness, the outcome of his own grievous domestic trials, were the characteristics of the prophet who had to speak to that most irritating of peoples. Hosea knew that the only chance of reclaiming his faithless wife lay in mercy and not in hardness, and therefore he applies that to his nation, dwelling on the redeeming points that are to be found in even the most degraded. . . . So we cannot help colouring all our teaching and dealing with others by our own circumstances in life, and God meant that it should be so, and

sent us those circumstances and gave us each that experience in order that it might be so. If we look out on the world from the standpoint of what God has done for ourselves, we shall see things as He sees them, and at last say with Him that they are " very good."

Now we will notice just one passage from Hosea's prophecies, that which begins chapter ii. 14. Having told his people in the first chapter how they were forsaken by God, he breaks out in the next chapter into very strong language, denouncing in no measured terms the flagrant wickedness of his country. It is no true mercy to make evil seem good, as some try to do. Light is light and darkness is dark, and badness and goodness should be called by their right names, and this is what Hosea does not hesitate to do. In ringing language borrowed from the history of his own unfaithful wife, he tells Israel the story of her own unfaithfulness towards God, and winds up, as though it were the climax of all her misdeeds, with: " Ye forgat me, saith the Lord " (verse 13). He does not say that the Israelites were directly antagonistic to God, but simply that they had *forgotten* Him. Surely there is not one of us who must not plead guilty to that charge of forgetting God, of not having Him, as the Psalmist says of the wicked, " *in all* " our thoughts. Now see what follows on this terrible denunciation: *Because* the Israelites (or we may say the Christians) have forgotten God, *therefore*

He will not cast them off, but "allure" them back to better things. The message breathes from first to last with hope. Because they were so bad, because they had forgotten their Master, dishonoured their Lord, therefore He will come after them, draw them, allure them to Himself. Their very depth of sin served but to call out the depth of His mercy. Let us notice then, step by step, God's methods of drawing His faithless people to Himself; it is His method still to-day.

1. "I will allure her." You are, perhaps, engrossed in the pleasures of life, forgetting God, not feeling your own sinfulness or your need of Him, when He in His mercy allures you from that frivolous life, by bringing before you the counter-attraction of the "beauty of holiness" and the love of God. Observe, He leaves you in absolute liberty. He does not drive, He merely allures. You are absolutely and perfectly free to follow or not, as you please. He has often called you, and you have not followed. He respects as a sacred thing the liberty of even the most rebellious will. His attitude is ever: "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and it rests with your will alone whether you rise and open to Him or leave Him standing there still. It is at once our strength and our weakness that God Himself cannot (if one may say so reverently) force our wills, that we are free to do as we please, to follow Him where He is alluring us—"into the wilderness,"

or to turn our backs upon Him and go back to our world of folly and sin. Notice, too, that God's method is the same as that of the world: the world allures, entices us by holding before us pictures, false though we know them to be, of happiness and satisfaction. God does the same, only His pictures are true. Have you never known what it is, in the midst of the din of the world's cares or pleasures, above the clatter of the multitudes of voices, to feel a sudden hush come in your soul, a sudden feeling of "Oh, what folly is all this; what would I give to escape from it all, to live a really noble life, a life devoted to God!" Perhaps the sight of some devoted life, the peace of some Religious House has so attracted you, but something of this sort you must have felt. You may not have followed the voice which called you; you have the power of resisting God, but as of old He took the blind man by the hand and "led him out from the town," as He took the deaf man aside from the multitude, so has He taken you many times in your life, so is He most certainly taking you now in this Retreat, saying to you, in this peaceful, solemn time, "Hearken, oh daughter, and consider: incline thine ear." Ask yourself how you have responded in the past to these divine attractions, how far you have ever given yourself the chance of hearing them, for remember that the soul which is never alone does not give itself the chance of being spoken to by God.

2. Now where does God propose to allure this rebellious soul? "Into the wilderness"—into a place of solitude. Most of us shrink from solitude and dislike being alone. But some of us like being alone if we can sit dreaming and building up castles in the air all the time—that is no true solitude, the wilderness is no fairy-land, peopled with creatures of our own imagination, but a barren and desert place, where really alone with God we can face the realities and not the phantoms of life, and see things as God sees them. Now the first object for which He attracts us there, is that we may distinguish clearly between what is really our *self* and all that is *not* self; when that is done, there can come in the consciousness of God. For it is possible in these busy rushing days in which we live, to be so linked to a multitude of other interests and other people, that whatever else we may know, we really do not know our-*selves* at all. But in solitude we can learn to know self, as the consciousness of other things dies out, as the sound of the outer world hushes, the soul wakes up and learns to know itself. It is, in a lesser degree, what the first moment after death will be in a greater, a waking up to the realities of life, a feeling oneself a solitary individual alone with God. What the solitude is into which God is calling us, differs for all. To one it may be the solitude of a sick bed; to another the breach of some earthly tie; to another some severe mental pain. Even the

feeling of horror and solitude which comes after having committed some very great sin, may be used by God as the "wilderness" where He would speak to your soul. Whatever it is, none but you know what it is, none can take another's experience in these things; God draws each separately in His own time and way.

3. When once the soul is in the wilderness, how does God deal with her? "I will speak comfortably unto her," He says. That word "comfortably" is translated in the old Vulgate as "to her heart." There are not many people who are ruled by their head alone, and those who are, if they exist at all, are not attractive characters. You may convince a man's head with the clearness of your reason and logic, but unless you touch his heart you have done nothing to change his life. The clearest head knowledge is no good without a true conversion of heart. We are sometimes apt to look down on those who do not understand the doctrines of religion as clearly as we do ourselves, but ours may be the mere intellectual pursuit of religion which will avail us nothing. True religion begins in the heart, though it does not by any means then leave out the head. So God when He vouchsafes to speak to the soul speaks "to her heart." May He do so to all here during these days. Man may speak and his words only reach the head and leave the heart, and therefore the life, untouched. One word from God must reach the heart. Ask Him to speak

directly to your heart in this Retreat. Let your prayer be: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

4. "And I will give her her vineyards from thence"—so fruitfulness in good works, so the richest gift of sacramental grace, so the highest spiritual endowments, powers of prayer, meditation, communion with God, are given to the souls who, hearing His call, follow Him bravely into the wilderness. It is in the barren, dreary, desolate wilderness, in the very last place where we should expect to find them that He gives "vineyards" to the soul. Truly, God prepares a "table in the wilderness" for those whom He leads there.

5. "And the valley of Achor for a door of hope." The valley of Achor was the place where Joshua had burnt the Babylonish garments and other stolen things, which you will remember were the cause of Israel's defeat in a very small battle. You will find the story in Joshua vii. The lesson is the same for you. Sin is the cause of defeat, and only when it is put away can there be victory. You, too, may have to burn some "accursed thing" "before the Lord" before you can find the wilderness "a door of hope." Once that is put away, you will find that door will open for you, and the light will pour in on the path which now seems so dark; the mists of earth will have passed away, and in the clear pure air of the mountain-top, you will see your way clearly. What *your*

Babylonish garment is I cannot tell you; it may be something very bad, or something not bad in itself, but which you know to be bad for you; whatever it is, you must bring it out bravely, and burn it before the Lord, if you would find in the "Valley of Achor a door of hope."

6. "And she shall sing there . . . as in the days when she came up out of the land of Egypt."

Egypt is always in Holy Scripture the type of spiritual bondage, therefore, coming out of Egypt may be taken to mean the state of baptismal innocence. So the soul which has followed her Master into the wilderness, and heard His voice speaking there to her heart, and at His bidding put away all that was hindering her, shall through penitence, which is the door of hope, be enabled to sing as in the days of her baptismal innocence.

7. "And . . . thou shalt call me Ishi (husband); and shalt call me no more Baali (master)."

As the soul goes on she learns that He whom she took at first for a hard master has indeed the tender love of a husband, and that she need no longer fear Him. So in the wilderness she learns to love and trust Him, so the place of captivity becomes a place of liberty, and she cries, "Thou hast set my feet in a large room."

Now take these words as the motto for your meditation, dwell on them and learn all that they can teach you. Remember that it is only

in the solitude of the wilderness that God can speak to you, and that this Retreat need not necessarily be such a solitude to you, for you can, if you choose, bring your cares and troubles, your *world* into it so effectually as to prevent it being any true inner solitude at all. It rests entirely with you to make it one or not.

Then just look for a moment at the various classes of people that come into Retreat.

1. First, there are those who are really in earnest, spiritually-minded, eager for more food for their souls, more light on their paths, longing to scale fresh spiritual heights and earnestly seeking the strength to do so. To such I would say: "You will get the light, the strength you need. Bring great expectations with you, and you will not be disappointed; expect new revelations, and you will hear the call, 'Friend, go up higher'."

2. Again, there are those who feel that all the brightness, all the joy of their Christian life is gone, and that they cannot get it back. Prayer, meditation, Holy Communion, which were once a delight, are now the veriest burden. All their life seems gone, they feel themselves at the end of their tether, and have come here in the faint hope of getting back what they have lost. To these I say: "Be perfectly certain that you can get it back." This deadness and coldness is merely a phase that you are passing through. It may be your own fault and you may have only yourself to blame for it, or it may not.

But whether it is your own fault or not, of this be certain—you need not stay always in it unless you choose. If you really make up your mind that you will not stay in it, you will not. It is as if you are climbing a mountain, and at its base you are met with a chilling, damp, clinging fog, which chokes and hinders your seeing a step in front of you. If you choose to sit down you will stay always enveloped in this fog, but if you fight your way bravely through it step by step, you will come out of it at last into the light, into the bright sunshine of the mountain-top, and leave the fog behind.

3. Then there are others who have got their life into a hopeless kind of tangle. They have dallied with some temptation till it has become a habit of sin, and when they seek to get away from it, they cannot. To these, if there be any such here, I say: "You can break off that sinful habit if you like, others have done it before you." Thousands have become true and faithful Christians after living false and faithless lives for years. But it can be done by no half measures. "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off"; and remember that you must cut it off yourself, you must not expect God to do it for you.

4. Or perhaps there are those of you who feel that you have come to a place in your life where two ways meet and you cannot tell which you ought to take. You dimly feel a great decision lies before you, you dimly hear many

voices sounding in your ears, and some call you one way and some another ; you are sitting by these cross-roads waiting for some one to tell you which to take. Well, be of good cheer, that some one may come to you in this Retreat. He who has led you from your Baptism onwards may come to you now and tell you what He would have you do. Only keep your mind open and do not preconceive what He is going to say to you. Listen for His voice, and when you hear it, rise and follow at all costs.

There are a few reasons why people find themselves in such conditions as we have seen, which we will glance at very briefly :

(1) The first is a want of moral earnestness. Some people have never realised the tremendous seriousness of life ; they say their prayers and go to the Sacraments, but all the time they lack moral earnestness.

(2) Then there is a shrinking from facing things in one's life. We may know that various matters ought to be faced and decisions come to about them, but we do not do it. We do not look things clearly in the face, see what ought to be done or put aside, and so we are in a perpetual fog about them. Now this Retreat is just the time to do this, to bring matters to an issue. Look into your life and see what ought to be done or left undone in it. Remember that there are only two currents in which your life can be flowing, towards God or towards self, for hell itself is only the natural outcome and

end of selfishness. Your life can only have one of two centres, God or self. Do not be afraid to look it in the face and see which it is. It cannot be standing still, in one of these two directions it must be going ; it is all-important for you to know which.

Lay yourself open in this Retreat to be reached and touched. God is only too ready to speak to you if you will but listen. " Hearken, O daughter, consider, incline thine ear " : but that implies attentive, anxious effort on your part to hear. The air is indeed charged with heavenly voices. Oh ! that you may have grace to hear them.

Then the success of the Retreat very largely depends on each one making her own meditation on the lines of the one given. You need not follow out all the thoughts if you find it too hard ; take one or two thoughts that you find help you and work them out for yourself, giving them a chance of saying all they have to say to you.

Then try and see yourself in your daily home-life from God's point of view. Judge yourself from His standpoint. Take an ordinary day as you spend it at home, look at it well and see what you do in it. Of what use is it to anyone ? What honest work do you do in it ? What spiritual work ? Judge it as if it were somebody else's day and not yours, as if it were somebody's that you dislike. How easily you would judge it then ! Look at your prayers :

what are they like? Do you get up early to give yourself time enough for them? Your communions, are they frequent enough? Can you think of anything you might do—even if you cannot say that it is absolutely necessary—for God's glory and the advancement of your spiritual life. Take such questions, and with them let your earnest prayer be: "Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts; look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

BALAAM

Numbers xxii. 7–xxiv. 11

And the ancients of Moab, and the elders of Midian went with the price of divination in their hands. And when they were come to Balaam, and had told him all the words of Balac :

He answered : Tarry here this night, and I will answer whatsoever the Lord shall say to me. . . .

And God said to Balaam : Thou shalt not go with them, nor shalt thou curse the people : because it is blessed. . . .

The princes returning, said to Balac : Balaam would not curse the people.

Then he sent many more and more noble than he had sent before.

Who when they were come to Balaam, said : Thus saith Balac, the son of Sephor : Delay not to come to me.

For I am ready to honour thee, and will give thee whatsoever thou wilt. Come and curse this people.

Balaam answered, and said : If Balac would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot alter the word of the Lord my God to speak either more or less.

I pray you to stay here this night also, that I may know what the Lord will answer me once more.

God therefore came to Balaam in the night, and said to him: If these men be come to call thee, arise and go with them. Yet so that thou do what I shall command thee.

Balaam arose in the morning, and saddling his ass went with them.

And God was angry. . . .

And Balaam said to Balac: Build me here seven altars: and prepare as many calves and the same number of rams.

And when he had done according to the word of Balaam, they laid together a calf and a ram upon every altar. And Balaam said to Balac: Stand a while by thy burnt offering, until I go to see if perhaps the Lord will meet me: and whatsoever he shall command, I will speak to thee.

. . . . . .

And when Balaam saw that it pleased the Lord that he should bless Israel, he went not as before to seek divination: but setting his face towards the desert:

And lifting up his eyes, he saw Israel abiding in their tents by their tribes. And the spirit of God rushing upon him

He took up his parable, and said: Balaam, the son of Beor, hath said: The man hath said, whose eye is stopped up:

The hearer of the word of God hath said: he

that hath beheld the vision of the Almighty: he that falleth and so his eyes are opened:

How beautiful are thy tabernacles, O Jacob, and thy tents, O Israel!

As woody valleys: as watered gardens near the rivers: as tabernacles which the Lord hath pitched: as cedars by the waterside. . . .

And Balac, being angry with Balaam, clapped his hands together, and said: I called thee to curse my enemies: and thou on the contrary hast blessed them three times.

Return to thy place. I had determined indeed greatly to honour thee: but the Lord hath deprived thee of the honour designed for thee.

IT has been often noticed that one of the great contrasts between Heathenism and Revealed Religion,—whether the Law or the Gospel,—lay in this, that in the Heathen religions there is no necessary connection between morality and religion, in Revelation the connection is absolute. Often, amongst the Heathen, the more religious a man was the more immoral; for the bases of morality were sought for in philosophy rather than religion. Religion stood apart from life—a strange perplexing witness of all—not a foreigner, indeed, but estranged from man's nature. He could not do without it, but it would be hard to say what its function and business in life were.

But Revelation brought out the intimate and

close relations between Religion and Morality; it did this by showing God's own character. Worship, adoration, religion, brought the soul face to face with a holy God and necessitated holiness. And consequently Religion is a great moral force; it pervades the whole being, intellect and heart; it flows into the skirts of the clothing. But its special abode is the heart and from thence it goes forth as a mighty force acting upon the will.

There is a faculty in man which demands knowledge—the reason; and there is a faculty in man which demands religion—conscience.

Now when we come to study human character in its relation to religion we find many whose position is quite simple, direct, and easy to be defined. There are many men simply, earnestly, honestly religious—not enthusiasts—no more than in matters of the intellect they are scholars, but men upon whose lives religion has a real and a firm hold. And, on the other hand, you find others whose religious faculties seem either never to have been awakened or to have died of atrophy—God, Heaven, grace, prayer—they are nothing to them—words without meaning, they have no place in their lives.

But, Brethren, there are other men who are as a study more interesting because they are such a perplexity, such a constant puzzle. At one time we say they are deeply religious, at another that they are absolutely devoid of any religion, utterly bad; and, again, we say that

they are nothing but hypocrites. But they are not hypocrites. A hypocrite has not two sides to his character, he has only one, badness, and the good which he affects is only a cloak to hide the bad. It is not easy to catalogue such men, and it does not do to stigmatise them by some superficial characteristic. I think the key lies in the fact that they come into the world with two directly opposite sides to their character, and each is contending for supremacy. Judas, I think, is an instance of a man with very high ambitions dogged by a passion that eventually conquered utterly—the passion of avarice. Many a man has come into the world whose whole life has alternated between the delirium of the senses and moments of religious fervour. Which got the better? At many a moment in that man's life it would have been impossible to say whether he was good or bad; often we could say he certainly was not bad, sometimes he was very good. But this rising and falling of the scales cannot go on for ever. Gradually but surely religion presses out, flows over the heart, pours upon the will and conquers, or sensuality eats into the heart, saps all the power of the will and leaves religion to wander about the outskirts of the soul in the dreamland of fancy and imagination. We know well and feel for the man who has bad and good fighting for the mastery. We can understand the paroxysms of repentance and self-reproach that fill the soul after a grievous fall. We watch anxiously and

sympathetically as we see the alternations between religious force and sensual force; these are in antagonism and we watch the advance of the conflict.

But there are paradoxes and combinations more startling still. There are men who will struggle to the end to combine two absolutely incompatible elements in their character, who will not give up religion—whose temper and disposition is naturally religious—but at the same time who hold determinedly to what is absolutely opposed to religion, and it is extraordinary how long such conflicting elements can be held together. Such, for instance, are the more intense forms of worldliness and worldly ambition in men who know themselves to be gifted to shine in the world, to have influence and power over men, and who are determined, at all costs—many a moral cost—to gain their end; but who—strange and unaccountable paradox—cannot and will not let go of religion. Look at, listen to the conduct and conversation of that person in Society. Was there ever anything more absolutely imbued with the spirit of worldliness, and can you believe that religion has a strong place in and hold upon that person's life?

Now it is a wonderful sight to see a strong man, a man of great parts, standing as it were between these two opposing forces which are at conflict within him, who has faith, and a strong faith, and who has an even stronger appreciation

of all that the spirit of worldliness can gain for him, as the complications become more involved which force him to a decision. For a long time this may not happen, but at any time an issue may be forced. He does not want to give up religion, nor, on the other hand, to give up some alluring bait which the world offers, and so the complications increase. There are, no doubt, many who would not hesitate, some who have neither the courage nor the heart to give up the world, and so they throw up their religion ; and there are, thank God, not a few who hesitate as little to let go of the offered position and honours that would involve a compromise. But there are others whose characters are not so direct and simple, who cannot give up religion, cannot if they would, they are too deeply involved ; besides, they have too strong faith ; but still less can they give up the world. For years it may be each has been in a certain way ministering to the other ; the world has helped on the religious side, given a halo to their life, a certain spiritual influence, and religion sheds its halo over their worldliness. The two spheres seem to have soaked into one another, though they have not in fact. But there is bound to come a time, however long deferred, when the most politic has to make a stand, and to offend against faith or to make enemies of the world.

To watch a strong man going through such a crisis is an exciting and instructive lesson. What will he do ? Which will he give up ?

He will give up neither, but one or the other will slip through his grasp and start into revolt. He will hold on to religion till it goes from him, though for a long time he may not discover it—for religion can be driven off from the heart into the intellect and thence into the imagination till finally it rounds upon a man and curses him and exposes him.

Now such, I think, was the position of Balaam in that one great crisis in his life in which he is held up for our warning and our study. He comes out of obscurity for this, comes into the glare of light on to the world's stage; we see the fierce struggle and the crisis, and that is all.

In one word, what was it? It was this; into the mysterious life of the prophet dwelling in Pethor, by the river of the land of the Children of his People, perhaps a line of half wizards, half prophets, there comes a most enticing and tempting invitation from Balac, the King of Moab, to come forth from his retirement, to come in contact with, and to take a leading part in the great historical events which were moving all minds and stirring all hearts in Southern Palestine and down to the borders of Egypt. Who did not know, who had watched more keenly than the prophet himself, this strange migration of a people whose God was in their midst, before whom Nature bent her forces to yield them an easy road? They had come up from Egypt—Egypt had loosed her bonds to set them free—and they were now on the

borders of Palestine, on the very threshold of Moab. And Balaam knew—old traditions lingered on where he lived from the time of Abraham, and strange words of prophecy seemed to be in the air. . . . Yes, he knew something of this strange people, he knew the name of their mighty God, greater than all the Gods of the Heathen, and he knew, moreover, that they were blessed : " Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee."

And now he was summoned to go and take a leading part in the most stirring events of the day, and he knew his power. His words, his majestic figure stand out through the ages : well may he have felt the desire to go and speak and act. A great future was wrapped up in the tents of this people. But the King wanted him to come for a specific purpose, to curse them in the name of God. Could he do this—dare he—was it right—would God be with him in such an enterprise ? If he had been an irreligious man of course there would have been no hesitation, he would have gone, but he was not ; whether he was a good man or not is open to question, but there can be no doubt he was a religious one. So he bade them wait until he had consulted God. Of course, it is possible to ask God's will from the simple desire to know it, or from the superstitious fear of opposing it and losing power. And the Answer came, clear, distinct, unmistakable, three short sentences " Thou shalt not go with these men—thou

shalt not curse this people—they are blessed." He now knew quite clearly that in him Religion and self-interest and his own desires were in direct antagonism. It would seem impossible to reconcile these opposing elements. God, religion, said, "Thou shalt not go," yet his whole nature said, "I want to go."

We notice already the position which religion is taking in him. It has passed from the heart into the intellect, he does not love or desire to love. He knows that God will not have him go and he submits with bitterness and disappointment—God refuses to let me go. He did not say what would have closed the matter for ever—what God had told him—that they were blessed.

And so the temptation is bound to return; it was not faced and fought, the heart was in opposition to the head. He cannot break with God, but still less can he break with what is the breath of his life.

And so we see the temporising, he will not give up what he wants and he will not give up God. When the messengers return it needs but another night of prayer to feel it his duty to go. There were great issues at stake, the thing was forced upon him. He heard clearly in the night the voice of God—"if the men come to call thee, rise up and go with them."

And so he went; he was to be in the thick of all this world of action and excitement; he would not curse them, but he would see what could be done, he might form an alliance

between Moab and Israel. He might take the leading part in the formation of coming events. Perhaps—what was at the bottom of his heart, what made his eye kindle and his breath come quick—was it the thought of the glory of God—no, he had forgotten all that—what was he called for—what was he going for? He was going to a King who had sent for him to curse a people whom God had told him was blessed. It may be as he drew near to Moab, as his mind was on fire with prospects of power and ambition, the last warning came, when the Angel of the Lord withstood him. And with this warning fresh in his ears he stands before the King. And how did he meet the temptation, "Lo, I am come unto thee: have I now any power at all to say anything? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak." And he kept to that in spite of himself, in spite of his desire to please the King he could not bring himself to curse this people. Outwardly, at least, he upheld the majesty of that God whom he pretended to serve while inwardly all was in revolt. He would prophesy of the immutability of God. "God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man that he should repent: hath he said, and shall he not do it? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless: and he hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it." And meanwhile the altars witnessed to the effort to change God's will. This is the mere prostitution of

religion. He could prophesy of his love to Israel. " He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath he seen perversity in Israel: the Lord, his God, is with him, and the shout of a King is among them." He could speak of the futility of seeking enchantment. " Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel. . . . Blessed is he that blesseth thee, etc." While at the same moment he was doing all he could to seek enchantments, to get leave to curse them. His heart was contradicting his words while he spoke.

He waxed bolder as he went on to tell what Israel should do to Moab. He was carried away; for the moment his ambition was satisfied. The Princes of Moab stood entranced at the wonderful words he spoke, at the majesty of his bearing. Every eye was fixed upon him, they held their breath as they looked in wonder at the transfigured face and fixed gaze of the prophet, and for the moment everything else was swept away by the torrent of inspiration—all grew dim before the clear inner light. He spoke words of great beauty; his final prophecy is the most wonderful of all in Scripture, the Holy Spirit was upon him, inspiring his utterance; but he was not converted, and when the vehemence of the inspiration passed there remained the same cold worldly heart, more moved by the pomp and pride of Moab than by the glorious visions he had seen.

But still he did not fall. He kept his promise : " Lo, I am come unto thee ; have I now any power at all to say anything ? The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak."

And he did. And now it is all over, and he has to go back to his own people, spiritually apparently triumphant, from a worldly point of view a failure. " Flee thou to thy place," said Balac, " the Lord has kept thee back from honour." Had, then, the religious side grown stronger through all this ? No. He has now gone too far, he cannot go back, he cannot give up the prospects that have burnt into his heart. Angry, sore, disappointed, bitter, he makes up his mind if he cannot turn God against this people he will turn the people against God. By his advice Israel is seduced into idolatry and sin. In the judgment that followed 24,000 are killed. But by God's command the Children of Israel were avenged of the Midianites, and in the slaughter Balaam also perished.

BALAAM AND BALAC

Numbers xxiii. 11–13

And Balac said to Balaam: What is this that thou dost? I sent for thee to curse my enemies: and thou contrariwise blessest them.

And he answered him: Can I speak anything else but what the Lord commandeth?

Balac said unto him: Come, I pray thee, with me unto another place, from whence thou mayest see them. Thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and shall not see them all: and curse me them from thence.[1]

IT was a great crisis in the history of Israel. She had come to the borders of the Holy Land. Her long and weary sojourn in the wilderness was drawing to a close. It was for her the crisis of achievement, the end of one period and the beginning of another. But it was also a crisis of a different kind for those into whose territory she was about to enter. While Israel was full of enthusiasm and hope, the land upon which she was about to enter was smitten with terror, and the first that

[1] In this case the Authorised Version is used.

Israel had to meet was Moab. Vague rumours had spread across the desert and had heralded the coming of this mysterious people which after centuries of exile was again beginning to take its place in the world. This was no ordinary people, they had mysterious relations with a mighty God who bent the forces of Nature to yield a way for His people. Egypt had been smitten because she refused to let them go—the Red Sea had parted to make a way for them. The wilderness had rained down food for them, and their clothes had not waxed old during the forty years of their sojourn in it.

What were the Moabites to do to meet such a power as this? They could fight men like themselves, but if their God were with them, and the powers of Heaven were helping them, what avail would be the arm of flesh? And so Balac, the King of Moab, determines that he will not risk a fight, but that he will meet supernatural power by supernatural power. There was in far-off Mesopotamia one whose name had spread far and wide. He was a prophet. He was a wizard. He was endowed with mystic power of blessing and of cursing. He was known far and wide, the fame of his great powers had crossed the desert, whom he blessed was blessed and whom he cursed was cursed. And so the King of Moab sends his messengers, bidding him come and curse this people so great and so mighty, and meet their supernatural strength by a power as great and mystic.

And Israel is stretched out in the plains preparing for her march when Balaam visits the King and goes forth to do his bidding. Upon the heights of Moab those two figures stand and look down upon the people of God. We know the result—Balaam breaks forth into blessings, not cursings. The Spirit of God seizes him and utters through his lips prophecies of hope and of encouragement.

Balac filled with anger and despair at last tries upon him an artifice. You are carried away, he says, by the sight of this strange and wonderful people, you are dazzled by their goodly tents and by the history of their past. Come, he says, and I will bring thee where thou shalt not see their glory but their shame. Come to a place where thou shalt see but the utmost part of them—the refuse of the camp, the back parts, the slums—and curse me them from thence.

The artifice of Balac is one that others besides Balaam are tempted by. It is one to which in a way we are all tempted. It is to shut our eyes to all but a portion of God's fair world or God's good works and then to heap our curses upon those parts as if they were the whole. There are men who will see nothing that will interfere with what they have already made up their minds to see—men who make up their minds to curse, and shut their eyes and refuse to look at what would make cursing impossible.

Everywhere are to be found the Balaams

who with their eyes open bless, and the Balacs who cry to them, "Come here, and I will show you a sight that will make you curse." For in this world of sin and incompleteness there is nothing so perfect but it has some defects, nothing so good but it has its flaws.

And first let us be clear as to what this Balac spirit means.

(*a*) There are those who never see any defect in anything, the optimists who exaggerate and are unreal and often drive the saner and juster men to the verge of cursing. Such exaggeration never helps either the men who exaggerate or the world. We shall not make the world better or cure its ills, by denying that there are any ills to cure. Be sure of it, the spirit that blesses indiscriminately is but the spirit of untruth. There are those who will see no defects in those they admire, or in the systems they support, etc. Yet any system, human or divine, that calls in exaggeration or untruth to its defence suffers at the hands of its defender.

(*b*) On the other hand, there are the pessimists who see everything cankered with failure and defects. It is not merely that they will not look at the whole, but the whole is darkened by the defects, not illuminated by the successes. The ranks of the pessimists are filled largely from those who have been surfeited by the good things and the pleasures of life and have not sought to live in the reality that moral effort and healthy struggle bring.

But neither of these are guilty of the sin of Balac. The optimist will tell you he does see things as a whole, that he does see defects and failures, but that they are swamped in the splendid forward march. The pessimist will tell you that he does see the successes, he does see a glimmer of light here and there, but it is the light of the day that is dying into night. He says, look back and read the present in the light of the past, and you cannot but feel how the trend of things is downward, not upward. Look closer, says the man who has drunk deeply of all life's pleasures, look closer into all those things that seem so fair, they are whited sepulchres full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. But while to the saner minds both of these are false prophets, their view of life an exaggeration, this was not what Balac urged upon Balaam as he poured forth his blessings from the heights of Moab upon the people of God. He bid him deliberately turn away his eyes from the whole, look only at a part and curse it. It is one thing to see all in a halo of glory and to shout songs of triumph while some men are bleeding and smarting with failure, it is another thing to forebode evil where others see the prospects of good. But it is yet another to shut your eyes to what is good that you may curse the evil. This is the spirit that can never do any good to anyone, least of all to the man who curses. There are to be found all the world over men who fasten like a vulture upon all

that is bad in what they see that they may utter their curses against it. How many or how few are they who are genuinely and really as ready to give as full value to a fact, if it is true, when it tells upon the other party's side as if it told upon their own. They do not like to see, and when they see, do not honestly acknowledge the good in men or systems that they do not like. They do not want to give any commendation to these men. They deliberately shut their eyes to what, if they looked at it honestly and without prejudice, they would have to praise in those they want only to blame and to crush. We need to ask these men sometimes, "Do you want to bless or to curse? Do you want to see things as they are, or as you have made up your minds that they shall be?"

Look, says someone of his political opponents, see the line they have taken as a whole and then tell me what you think—and behold his friend standing upon the lofty mountain of some high vantage ground, sees the course not all bad, but bright patches of light over the far-extending view. Ah, answers the other, come to a place where I shall show you a part and peradventure you will curse them from thence. There are these isolated observation points, whence you can see all that is disadvantageous to these men, all that will make you despise them; but it is but the uttermost part, not the whole. While the hand of God was on Balaam's lips they could never curse.

One man curses education: it has brought up a race of sceptics and unbelievers, it has bred discontent, it has fostered a spirit of restlessness. Another curses the rich: they are hard and selfish, a privileged class that tyrannise over their neighbours. Another, the scientific spirit; it is narrow and self-sufficient and arrogant. Another looks out upon the religious world and heaps his scorn and contempt, his ridicule and curses upon those who differ from him. And, be it remembered, that all that these men say is true. These grievous faults do exist; but the faults are not the whole—a larger view, a kinder and a juster spirit checks the curse and bids the man bless.

There are thus two spirits in the world: the spirit of Balac, and the spirit that spoke through Balaam; the spirit of sweeping condemnation and the larger, wiser and truer spirit that rejoices rather in blessing. One is the spirit that would crush, the other the spirit that develops life. And there can be little doubt which is the spirit of the Gospel. Our Lord saw men as they are in truth, and He saw the world at its worst; yet He saw good where no one else saw it. The Gospel is a history of the power of blessing—the power to raise the most degraded, not by abuse and scorn but by truthful appreciation. He was no mild optimist, none ever pointed out sin with a sterner hand; but He appealed to the other side, the hidden good, and drew it out, as in the Magdalene and

the thief on the cross. And the men who will help to save the world are not the men who crush the evil with anathemas but bless the poor disheartened sinner by showing latent good.

1. There are those who in education make the child think itself a dunce, and who encourage anything that tends to make child or man despise himself as bad. More are injured through self-depreciation than self-satisfaction.

2. There are those who only see the evil in themselves.

3. In times of religious controversy, find out the truth in the false religion.

So see those two figures on the heights of Moab, surely there were faults enough in Israel for anyone to see them. Yet Balaam sees her as a whole in the purpose of God. "Behold said Balac, I called thee to curse, and thou hast altogether blessed." Yes, and these blessings lingered on in Israel to be in many a dark day, a light in the darkness and shadow of death, a guide to their feet into the way of peace.

THE CURSING OF MEROZ

Judges iv. 1–v. 23

And the children of Israel again did evil in the sight of the Lord, after the death of Aod.

And the Lord delivered them into the hands of Jaban king of Chanaan, who reigned in Asor. And he had a general named Sisara, and he dwelt in Haroseth of the Gentiles.

And the children of Israel cried to the Lord; for he had nine hundred chariots set with scythes, and for twenty years had grievously oppressed them.

And there was at that time Debbora a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, who judged the people. . . .

And she sent and called Barac the son of Abinoem out of Cedes in Nephtali. And she said to him: The Lord God of Israel hath commanded thee: Go, and lead an army to Mount Thabor, and thou shalt take with thee ten thousand fighting men of the children of Nephtali, and of the children of Zabulon. . . .

And it was told Sisara, that Barac the son of Abinoem was gone up to Mount Thabor.

And he gathered together his nine hundred chariots armed with scythes, and all his army from Haroseth of the Gentiles to the torrent Cison.

And Debbora said to Barac: Arise, for this

is the day wherein the Lord hath delivered Sisara into thy hands: Behold, he is thy leader. And Barac went down from Mount Thabor, and ten thousand fighting men with him.

And the Lord struck a terror into Sisara, and all his chariots, and all his multitude, with the edge of the sword, at the sight of Barac, insomuch that Sisara leaping down from his chariot fled away on foot.

. . . . .

Arise, arise, O Debbora; arise, arise, and utter a canticle. Arise, Barac, and take hold of thy captives, O son of Abinoem.

The remnants of the people are saved: the Lord hath fought among the valiant ones.

Out of Ephraim he destroyed them into Amalec, and after him out of Benjamin into thy people, O Amalec. Out of Machir there came down princes: and out of Zabulon they that led the army to fight. . . .

Curse ye the land of Meroz, said the angel of the Lord: curse the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord to help his most valiant men.

THERE is, perhaps, no book in the Bible that opens upon us with so much surprise and disappointment as the Book of Judges, if we think of its position in relation to the past and future. It follows

upon all that time of miracle and power—the long years of discipline in Egypt when the family became a nation—their life deepened and bound together by their exile and their sufferings—and then the Exodus when God, with a mighty hand and stretched out arm, led them out from Egypt—when He smote their enemies. And then the forty years in the wilderness, when a herd of hunted slaves were fashioned into a polity and given a law which has been engrafted into the system of every civilised nation of the modern world—and then when God led them forth into battle with their enemies and gave them a succession of the most remarkable and brilliant victories.

And then upon all this comes the Book of Judges—when the nation conceived in suffering, born in miracle, and reared in victory has entered upon its rest and its rewards and we find it sunk into a state of semi-barbarism—broken up already into various wild half-savage tribes, no unity either of worship or of government—no centre, either political or religious, around which the nation might gather.

The reasons of this sudden and strange collapse are worth careful attention :

1. They had neglected God and religion. Throughout the Book of Judges the names of Priest and altar are scarcely mentioned—the form of worship when we do see any is a kind of idolatry. Men need a higher bond than a political to hold them together and to hold

them up, and the Book of Judges is intended to teach us this.

2. They had failed of their vocation. Israel's strange position, moral and geographical, shut out from all nations of the world, was a type of her calling. She was to stand apart from all the world—to uphold the truths of Revelation—to give the truth to the world—she was to drive out the nations sunk in idolatry. Every nation as every individual has its vocation—Greece intellect—Rome law—the Jews religion. She failed in her vocation. She was sinking into the condition of the heathen, and God gave her to her enemies.

Time after time we hear the same words repeated: "The children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and the Lord delivered them" into the hands of the plunderers, the Moabites, and the rest. Twelve times, we hear, "and the children of Israel cried out to the Lord, and the Lord sent them a deliverer." Eight years under the power of Mesopotamia, eighteen under Moab, and now twenty under the Canaanites. At last the call had gone forth once more to fight for their liberty: and to such a people such a call was not merely to fight for their country and liberty—it was a call to fight against the enemies of the Lord—it was a re-call to the original terms of the covenant. They had once more proved that there could be no union between themselves and the enemies of God. They must rule or be slaves. It was

a call, then, to religious liberty—and to the covenant of God. The cry to arms went forth throughout the land. Reuben heard it amongst her sheepfolds and she had great searchings of heart—the captains of Issachar were with Debbora, and followed the steps of Barac—Zabulon and Nephtali were a people that jeopardised their lives unto the death in the high places of the field, tribe after tribe received the call and the armies drew together on Tabor—across the plain of Esdraelon they swept and Carmel rang with the noise of the battle. And in the midst of all the warfare and struggle for life and liberty one little town, hidden away, perhaps, amidst the range of hills that border the southern line of Esdraelon, one little town looked out upon the sweeping hosts and closed her gates in anxious security—glad to watch the course of the battle but too cowardly or too lazy to take part in it—and when the foe was beaten she opened her gates and took part in the victory for which others suffered and died.

Amidst all the variety of character with which the world is crowded, and all the various forms of opinion that offer themselves to men's minds as answers to the gravest questions of life—amidst all the strange movements that hurry men forward, that move and sway them this way and that—the motives that rule them, the aims that attract them, the impulses that sway them—all tend more or less directly

towards one or other of two directions : right or wrong, truth or falsehood. This is the end upon the road to which every man, woman or child is walking. Scarcely has he come into the world than his vote and his influence is canvassed by a thousand agents for one or other of these two great causes. The struggle has gone on as long as the human race has existed, and we believe it will go on to the end—the battle is as fierce to-day, the parties as bitter in antagonism as when the contest first began. Open the record of human history at any period and there you find the fight going on—now in one shape—now in another. It is not confined to Christian lands. Wherever there is a man he has taken his side—he is fighting, actively fighting for what is good and true, or for what is false and bad—and he can never cease fighting until he has ceased breathing. In his death agony, in his last moments, till body and soul are sundered, he will be taking sides, either for or against what is right and what is true.

Some men openly throw in their name and their influence on one side or the other ; some secretly, but all do it one way or another. Some we know and see : when a question of right or wrong comes up, we know which side this man will take. He is always, or mostly, on the side of wrong. He laughs at others' earnestness and scorns the self-discipline it involves—in the pride of a fallen nature he thinks it fine to shake his neck loose from the reins and go

where and do as he pleases. Others there are who openly take the side of right and truth—right so far as they know it and truth so far as they can see it. Everyone knows in a controversy or moral question which side this man will take—some think him mistaken, but all respect him.

But there are others who do not take any decided line, who profess themselves to be critics of opinion and unconvinced in religious matters—yet inwardly, that is to say, in his most real life—each man's true self has taken most definite sides. A man says he does not know whether there's a God or not—but he lives as if there was none—his life has taken the side of opposition. In his inmost life, each one is true to what he knows to be right, or untrue.

This, my brethren, is the broad issue of every life: right or wrong—true or false—the fight of ages, the secret and the philosophy of all life—to men who know God or who know Him not—to the savage South Sea islander who lives true to the dim spark that lights within—who obeys so far as he can interpret the muffled whisper of conscience, half inaudible in the noise of passion and the misguidance of false tradition—or to the educated Christian—this is the great question, ever has been, on which side do you stand? In this great age-long battle between right and wrong, in their hearts everyone has already taken sides. There is no one living with a will

and a reason but inwardly has joined the ranks of the people of God or the ranks of their enemies. But that is not enough : you are put here to take sides, to throw in your influence, to take part in the battle. Put away all other considerations—you say you don't believe in God or Devil. Never mind, you do believe in right and wrong. Which side are you taking—within—you are taking one or other. Then, outwardly ? You are on the side of right or wrong, or within the closed and cowardly gates of Meroz.

But Christianity has effected a great change in this contest.

1. She has shown us its meaning—that it is a contest not of abstract principles but between two living beings—Christ and Satan—one with all the seductions of sense and glitter of the world's deceptions, the other with the power of the supernatural—and, therefore, that the battle cannot be fought by any mere elevation of moral tone—or by education—or by shading off the differences—but by devotion to a Person.

Christianity has also shown us methods by which the struggle is to be carried on :

(*a*) Association in a Kingdom of Righteousness, not isolated endeavour.

(*b*) Divine Grace.

It is for this that you are joined together to fight evil and falsehood in God's way—God's revealed way—the way of the saints—the way of the Church. You are not banded together

for any other purpose—not to make the services more beautiful, not to contend for certain abstract truths. No—but realising the personal enemy and the personal leader—to fight under Him, using His methods.

THE RETREATS OF ELIAS, MOSES AND ST. JOHN

INTRODUCTION TO A RETREAT

THERE are two sources whence we can find refreshment, one from our fellow-creatures, the other from God. There is no man who has not had to seek for help and sympathy from one or other of these sources. The great question to indicate character is: to whom do we turn in time of need? The test of our advance in the spiritual life is not "Do I find God all in all?" but "Do I find Him more and more?" It would be hard to expect to find God all in all in the beginnings of our spiritual life, for it is the lesson of a long life and of manifold failures. We turn to man, and man says, "there is a lad here who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" When we have failed to get help from others, then the soul turns to Him who is its true refreshment and support.

Let our minds be filled with the thought of God—the help, the satisfaction, the support of the soul. Ask yourself, "during the year that has gone by, have I found more comfort in God

than I ever found before ? " Well is it if you can say, " When my work failed, I found Him my refreshment. When I wanted human sympathy and could not get it, I cried to the Lord and He heard me." One such moment in the year is a step upward. In the Gospel we see the multitude coming into the wilderness, so intent on listening to the words that fall from the lips of Christ, that they forget to provide for themselves. They had been three days in the wilderness and had had nothing to eat. We find them still in all the nervous tension of a long-protracted fast, and the Son of God was the only One who thought of their bodies. The Apostles, who were simply their fellow-creatures, and the multitude themselves, forgot their need. There was only one who remembered that those men were hungry, that they had not only spirits but bodies—and that one was He, who might well say that the zeal of God's house had eaten Him up. Our bodily refreshment is ever coming from the hands of Jesus, who does not wish us to be tired and worn out. We see Our Lord Himself working a miracle for the support and strength of this multitude in their physical need. " The Lord is thy keeper." If we seek Him with all our hearts, we shall surely find Him. Therefore, entering Retreat we must strive in the various needs of our souls to realise and accept this truth, not merely with our intellect, but also with the heart. There is a distinct difference between intellectual

perception of truth and that of the heart. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." It begins with the heart. "I understand because I believe," not always "I believe because I understand." We must understand not merely with the head, but with the heart, that our Lord Jesus Christ will come to us in our needs, in our failures, in that part of our character where we are most wanting, and will Himself supply all the wants of our soul in proportion as the soul looks to Him to do so.

O how ready people are to step in between the soul and God. How often a restless fit comes over us, and we thirst for something, but we know not what: we feel unable to fall down on our knees, and we desire someone to support us: instantly someone steps in, but it is not God. It is as though a woman in some trouble allowed another person to come in, instead of turning to her husband for help. No rule, no person, no thoughts can help you up: it must rest with yourself, the impulse and power that comes from the steady grasp and strong tension of a determined principle.

You may feel, perhaps, that you must throw yourself into your work and forget those cravings, but the Religious Soul has promised that God shall be her only portion, and—she has been content to take someone, or something else. Alas! it is only too easy to let the things which should be for her use, be unto her an occasion of falling—to allow what God gave her

as *means* of access to Himself, to become the *end* of her life.

Therefore, I want you to come this evening with this thought in your minds that in the Retreat you must strive to find that help from God which by His grace you may take away with you, and be able to keep through the coming year.

It is, perhaps, more difficult for " Religious " to make good Retreats than for anyone else, because coming out of the very midst of work, it is hard to say : tarry ye here, whilst I go and pray awhile, to shut all out and come to pray alone. Moreover, seculars come of their own free-will, and need not come unless they like. But it is part of a Religious Rule, part of the routine of your life, and has no novelty in it, as it has for the secular. Then be prepared with a brave heart to go into the wilderness " He hath prepared for me, against them that trouble me."

Let us look at three men whom God drew almost perforce into Retreat, that He might there give them a lesson, which was to a certain extent the completion of what was lacking in their lives.

I. ELIAS

3 Kings xix.

And Achab told Jezebel all that Elias had done, and how he had slain all the prophets with the sword.

And Jezebel sent a messenger to Elias, saying: Such and such may the gods do to me, and add still more, if by this hour to-morrow I make not thy life as the life of one of them.

Then Elias was afraid, and rising up he went whithersoever he had a mind.

And he came to Bersabee of Juda, and left his servant there.

And he went forward, one day's journey into the desert. And when he was there, and sat under a juniper tree, he requested for his soul that he might die, and said: It is enough for me. Lord, take away my soul; for I am no better than my fathers.

And he cast himself down, and slept in the shadow of the juniper tree. And behold an angel of the Lord touched him, and said to him: Arise, and eat. . . .

And he arose and ate and drank, and walked in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights, unto the mount of God, Horeb.

And when he was come thither, he abode in a cave. And behold the word of the Lord came unto him, and he said to him: What dost thou here, Elias?

And he answered: With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts, for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant. They have thrown down thy altars, they have slain thy prophets with the sword, and I alone am left: and they seek my life to take it away.

And he said to him: Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord.

And behold the Lord passeth. And a great and strong wind before the Lord, overthrowing the mountains and breaking the rocks in pieces: the Lord is not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake: the Lord is not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake a fire: the Lord is not in the fire. And after the fire a whistling of gentle air.

And when Elias heard it, he covered his face with his mantle, and coming forth stood in the entering in of the cave. And behold, a Voice unto him saying: What dost thou here, Elias?

I KNOW nothing more wonderful or helpful than that strange Retreat of Elias,[1] when he fled for his life from Jezebel, after slaying the priests of Baal, and was then met by God. Elias had done a great act, he

[1] Called Elijah in the Authorised Version.

had hewn in pieces the priests of Baal and had had a long nervous strain of tremendous activity. First, there was that great day of prayer, when he was struggling in spirit against all the powers of darkness assembled against him, and he was alone and single-handed throughout. Then, at close of day, having asserted the dominion of God, and God having manifested Himself on His side by fire from heaven, there follows his destruction of the priests of Baal.

Then we see him fleeing for his life from Jezebel, and then followed his utter collapse. He was a man after all, as we see perfectly when he lay down in the wilderness and said, " It is enough, now, O Lord, take away my life ; for I am not better than my fathers." He had done a great work, had had great success ; but he was a man, and his nerves, strained by that long and tremendous struggle, were unstrung, and there came a moral and physical reaction. And he prayed that he might die. Instantly he was met by God. The angel of the Lord came and touched this tired, worn out, sick man and said, " Arise and eat." And in the strength of that meat, he arose and went forty days and forty nights into Horeb, the Mount of God.

This was that righteous, that tremendous man who had not feared to beard Achab single-handed and alone ! I can imagine Elias having a certain kind of splendid strength in him, that

delighted to hurl the thunders of God against the wretched Achab, and the idolatrous priests, feeling as he did so the majesty of God. "As the Lord God liveth, before whom I stand," was the grand way in which he always began. He was the representative of God, but he was the representative of but one of the attributes of God—unflinching Justice—stern, exact Truth. In his Retreat he had to learn another lesson.

He stood upon the crags of the mountains and heard the thunders roll by and the sweeping wind that broke the rocks in pieces; then came a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; then a still small voice, and Elias went out. The voice said, "What doest thou here, Elias?" And he said, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thy altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left." What does God say?—"You are quite mistaken, for there are seven thousand in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal, people you do not know anything about, unlettered men and women, hidden from the knowledge of men, but known to the all-loving God. Thou hast looked upon me as the utterer of thunders, but I am the God who has knowledge of every single soul throughout the world." The lesson he had to learn *was the other side of God's character*, which he had not seen before. God is just, but his justice does not overreach His mercy and His love.

There is a great danger with some strong characters of seeing only one side of God's attributes. They may be exactly *just*, but that is all. You can always expect justice at their hands; they can see sin, and they can see righteousness. They cannot see that there is no such thing in this world as abstract righteousness. They are strong, determined in their own power, but they need to learn the truth, that we must be taken not in the abstract, but in the concrete; that this is a world of sin; that though it is a sin to be untrue, yet we must not scorn the liar; that it is a shame to be impure, but the virgin hands consecrated to the service of Christ will not be soiled by touching those who are stained with sin. *You have to learn the other side of God's character.* The only remedy for the one-sidedness of every person's character is the thought of the other side of God.

Then notice how God teaches Elias. He takes care of his body, He gives him food. The man was too hard with himself; his sternness came from his belief in God's justice. If asceticism makes us stern, it is not the asceticism of Christianity, but that of Judaism. God cared for that poor hungry man and sent his angel, saying, "Arise and eat." See the startling contrast between the angel's tenderness and this splendid ironwrought character, just wanting in a touch of softness. He goes down from Horeb, back again, *and what is the first thing*

he does? He meets Eliseus,[1] and Eliseus is fascinated. That strong man takes one, who is an absolute contrast to himself in every way ; he takes Eliseus and wins him heart and soul.

There are few scenes in Holy Scripture more striking than the thunder, the fire, and all the emblems of God, seen upon Horeb ; and that later scene of the old man trying to shake off the young prophet who walks by his side, and the younger, wrapt in admiration of that stronger character, saying : " As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." (4 Kings ii. 2.)

Elias had the power of winning a very different character from his own ; he was gaining that which his own character lacked : softness, tenderness and sympathy. Until you gain that, you will never draw souls. You cannot scold people into religion. There is one thing deep in the heart of every man, " I have a free will." " I will not be forced." It is enough that Moses has spoken so long to us, Moses who hedged us in and drew us to the thunders and rigours of the law. Now we have attained to manhood, and no longer need the schoolmaster ; we need the love and tenderness of Christ.

There are doubtless some here who feel that their danger is an " over-virtuousness "—to see sin, and to lose faith in men, to think everything

[1] Called Elisha in the Authorised Version.

is going to wrack and ruin, to see quickly the faults and slowly the good side of humanity : to deal hardly with yourself, and to be just and unflinching in your judgment both of yourself and others. And you say, " How can I help it ? " Go and *wait,* until you hear God telling you how He sees goodness where you see it not. You will be surprised to find that in the most degraded sin-stricken soul there is some point that God looks upon with pleasure. There is not a man on the face of the globe who is utterly corrupt. Wherever we look we shall find wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores, but we shall also find one healthy spot. Take hold of that and cling on to your faith in people. If you have not got it, pray for it. Look up to God on His throne, who for so many thousand years has had faith in man, and look at man sinking lower and lower, but not lost yet. You will come from gazing on that throne feeling what power of goodness there is even yet in human nature.

If you find this danger in your own character, learn a lesson from Elias. Never rest until you find that hard side to your character yielding to something stronger and more noble ; strength tempered with a certain kind of weakness. So Elias went out of his Retreat, and the first thing he did was to win a man.

O, if you can go out of Retreat to some poor soul over whom you have despaired, saying, " I will go and show what the power of love is,

I will be to them all that God is to me, and will see if by these means I can do what I have hitherto been unable to do. I have dealt naturally with them, but now in the mirror of eternal truth I have seen myself in God."

II. MOSES

Exodus xxxiii. 11–xxxiv. 29

And the Lord spoke to Moses face to face, as a man is wont to speak to his friend. And when he returned to the camp, his servant Josue, the son of Nun, a young man, departed not from the tabernacle.

And Moses said to the Lord: Thou commandest me to lead forth this people. And thou dost not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. . . .

If, therefore, I have found favour in thy sight, shew me thy face that I may know thee, and may find grace before thy eyes. Look upon thy people this nation.

And the Lord said: My face shall go before thee, and I will give thee rest.

And Moses said: If thou thyself dost not go before, bring us not out of this place. . . .

And the Lord said to Moses: This word also, which thou hast spoken, will I do. For thou hast found grace before me: and thee I have known by name.

And he said: Shew me thy glory.

He answered: I will shew thee all good, and I will proclaim in the name of the Lord before thee: And I will have mercy on whom I will, and I will be merciful to whom it shall please me.

And again he said: Thou canst not see my face: for man shall not see me and live.

And again he said: Behold there is a place with me, and thou shalt stand upon the rock.

And when my glory shall pass, I will set thee in a hole of the rock, and protect thee with my right hand till I pass. . . .

And he was there with the Lord forty days and forty nights.

He neither ate bread nor drank water: and he wrote upon the tables the ten words of the covenant.

And when Moses came down from the mount Sinai, he held the two tables of the testimony.

THERE was another man who was led into Retreat, and that was Moses. For forty days and forty nights he was on the Mount with the Lord, and did neither eat bread nor drink water. The character of Moses—the meekest man on earth—was a strong contrast to that of Elias; and if ever there was a work to be done calculated to harden a man, it was the work of Moses.

Moses had, with a mighty hand and outstretched arm, just brought Israel out of Egypt, and conscious of God's presence with him he had by a miracle opened the Red Sea, and brought the children of Israel into the wilderness. At the foot of the mountain, looking towards the land of promise, we know that a great disappointment awaited him. He thought

he was but a few days journey from it, but he was never to reach it. God brought him into Retreat to teach and prepare him for the future, for the staggering blow which was to come upon him, to prepare him for the forty years wandering with stiff-necked, hard-hearted human beings. And he was, as God said, the meekest of all men on the face of the earth.

Now how did God prepare him for what was to come? It was discouraging, new kind of work he had to do. It was one thing to be under the excitement of those miracles, by which he led the children of Israel out of Egypt; but it was quite another thing to go through the drudgery of that wilderness life for thirty years. He was no longer to be the great miracle worker, but single-handed he was to be the leader and manager of the people. He was left alone in the wilderness with the people in a constant state of rebellion, with the constant wear and tear of that monotonous life, the complaints of the people ever wearying his ears, and the knowledge that he had to bear it for thirty-eight years.

What did God do for him? First, He showed him Himself, *Moses saw the great personality of God*, which he could never doubt during those thirty-eight years, whatever might happen. *We* often doubt it, we believe it with our heads, but often not with our hearts. O, if we could get one sight as Moses did of the majesty of the Great Being Who upholds all things by the

Word of His Power. If we could go out of Retreat, and say, "I know God," we could bear our thirty-eight or forty years wandering in the wilderness.

With Moses those years were hopeless reiterations of the same scenes, the same sounds going on to the end, and that end was disappointment. "Lord, grant me this, that I may go into that land." The whole work and preparation of the last forty years was to end in disappointment. God said, "It is enough, thou shalt not go." But he had had this vision of God! He had for a moment seen the glory of God, hidden in a cleft of the rock, and "that rock was Christ." He saw the glory, but his eyes could not see that which was hidden as God. The shifting sands of the desert might blow, things might change, but one thing kept that man ever strong—his vision of God.

Secondly. There was the sequence and that great revelation of God's personality. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." God seemed to wish to test Moses, and said, "I will send an angel before thee." But Moses answered, "If Thy presence go not with me, I will not go." I will not return to that work to fail as I have done before—to fail in myself. I will not undertake that new work that is given me, except Thy presence go with me.

So as we look back or forward, in times of failure or success, we must *strive to get to God*. Remember that wonderful saying of St. Augus-

tine's, "Christ is the charger upon which we mount, that we may ride to heaven." Do not rest until you have got to the very foundation of God Himself, the great Rock upon which all is to be built, the being of God. The sense of God's personality and overshadowing presence is to be got at through the knowledge that you are a member of His Incarnate Son. So try to get at this central fact—*the Personality of God.* In going to any work, seek to extract from God the promise, "My Presence shall go with you." "O Lord, how can I go? How can I lead them? They are so stiff-necked. How can I go on with this work? which seems to be sucking out of me all spiritual energy, all the real power of my spiritual life. It is not my fault, it is the fault of the work in which I am placed, and the lack of knowledge of my character in my superiors." And God says, "If My Presence go not with thee, go not up hence."

St. Paul's three days of darkness changed his whole life; his pride was gone, his self-will vanquished, his earthly ambition gone in those three short days. If ever there was a strong character, it was St. Paul's; but the man was touched with the sense of God's Presence.

Thirdly. Moses had a power given him for himself, which made his character what it was, and sustained him in all the difficulties of his work; but he had also what was very necessary for a meek man, he had a *moral law* written by the finger of God to give the people.

Perhaps you are naturally weak and cowardly, you shrink from taking a fixed line, are ready to make a compromise, to say pleasant things when they should not be said. Then take this thought for consideration, "the law is not mine to change, it is God's." When Moses in despair broke the tables of the law, saying, what was the use of giving the Ten Commandments to the people, he had to write them over again, there was no way out of it. So when we feel that the doctrine of God given us to utter is too high and holy, and above the standard of those about us, let us remember that God made His own laws and His own Gospel, which He has called us to preach in the world, and this world is certainly not so bad as when St. Paul wrote. We are too ready to take a lower line ourselves, and leave out part, because we think the people cannot understand the whole thing. Where should we be now if St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James and St. John had acted thus, and said, "Lord, these people are worshipping wood and stone, what is the use of preaching the whole Gospel to them, we must get at them by degrees." But God said, "Take it all," and in three centuries the world was converted to Christianity. If you feel that you would rather die than come face to face with a man to whom you have to say something, and are tempted only to say half, remember Moses who had to go back after breaking the tables of the law, and write them over again. God Himself took

possession of him by the revelation of what was right, and thus gave wonderful strength to him. There is a danger to some people of being too unflinching in their sense of right and justice, but there is an equal danger to others of taking a lower tone and standard, being too ready to give up things till at last they sink into such a state of moral and spiritual obliquity, that they cannot see what is true and what false.

Let us go to our work with the thought of the Personality of God. God my keeper, my help ; the will of God to be uttered by my work, hard things to be said, difficult people to be gained through God's sustaining power, because the message and the work are His not ours. He will hold us up in His everlasting arms. We must go forth and be as a hand to the will. When you go out commissioned and trusted with a work, remember that the responsibility, dignity and honour of the community rest on your shoulders ; then let your will with quick and ready response carry out the commands of the powers which send it forth, and through which strength is given to carry out God's Will.

III. ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

Apocalypse i. 9–19

I, John, your brother and your partner in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience in Christ Jesus, was in the island which is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus.

I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet,

Saying: What thou seest, write in a book and send to the Seven Churches which are in Asia: to Ephesus and to Smyrna and to Pergamus and to Thyatira and to Sardis and to Philadelphia and to Laodicea.

And I turned to see the voice that spoke with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks:

And in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like to the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the feet, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.

And his head and his hairs were white, as white wool and as snow. And his eyes were as a flame of fire:

And his feet like unto fine brass, as in a burning furnace. And his voice as the sound of many waters.

And he had in his right hand seven stars. And from his mouth came out a sharp two-edged sword. And his face was as the sun shineth in his power.

And when I had seen him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying: Fear not. I am the First and the Last.

And alive, and was dead. And, behold, I am living for ever and have the keys of death and of hell.

Write, therefore, the things which thou hast seen: and which are: and which must be done hereafter.

HOLY Scripture has taught that the Kingdom of God must last for ever and ever. The Prophets had foretold that from the Flood to the world's end, all kings should fall down before Him, all nations should do Him service. Promises had been given by Christ. And yet though St. John lived immediately after the Lord went back to His Throne, not one word of these prophecies seemed to be fulfilled. *Power?* It seemed a caricature. *Triumph?* The best blood in the Church was being spilt in the arena to satisfy the sensual desires of a heathen monarch. St. John might well have asked "How long, O Lord?" Is *this* the end of prophecy? The Jewish Church was stronger than this.

St. John has his vision of the Church. There comes the opening of the Seals, the rolling of

thunder, blasts of trumpets, as one after the other was opened. What was the meaning of all this? *The Church will triumph.* It opens up with the great warrior seated on the white horse, going forth conquering and to conquer. It is a *triumph*, but it is a triumph by *struggle*. The Church is not to triumph at once, and to be instantly accepted by the world as the Apostle seemed to teach, but to fight its way. In the first scene the Church goes forth as a rider, but in the second there goes forth another rider on the *red* horse of persecution, after which came the black horse of mortification, and the pale horse of death, and the souls crying under the Altar. Then comes the end, and the great multitude is gathered in, and in the midst of the battle, din, smoke, confusion that is all around, the prophecy has been fulfilled under the eyes of the Apostle.

Let us take the lesson to ourselves. In the midst of the battle, with our old nature still unconquered, our old habits still asserting themselves and imperfection all around, as I look up to Heaven I must cry, "Where are thy promises, O Lord? Thy loving-kindness, the fulfilment of those great mysteries?" The answer comes: "They are there, but you have got to *fight*." The white horse and its rider are going out sure of victory, but between you and the fulfilment is all the difficulty that is heaped up by Satan to hinder you, as you stretch out your hand towards the goal. You look forward, hoping

to attain to more perfect and absolute devotion and consecration of all your being; but it seems in vain, and you think that your character is formed and cannot change. Then comes the remembrance of the aged Apostle of ninety years, his heart beating with the thought of all he had seen, as he leaves Patmos, and returns to Ephesus, there to give to the world the last Gospel, and himself to live in the light of that revelation.

The power of the Gospel came through the revelation. St. John knew that the promises were sure, he saw how through all the failure and antagonism there was a steady onward progress towards success, and he looked round him with the calm strength of a conqueror. Men would come and ask the great Apostle how he maintained such wonderful peace in the midst of disappointment and failure. And his answer would be, "If you go into a field of battle and see the conflict, the wounds, the blood, it does not look like victory, but it is a *preparing* for it." So in the battle-field of the soul, the strife, pain and struggle that rage there, do not look like sanctity, but like the way to Calvary; they are the *way* to sanctity, the preparation for victory, before the battle is won. You come to Retreat, knowing each your own difficulty, sense of failure, trouble.

Take these three dispositions:

1. *Tenderness towards God.* You need to be as tender towards *God* as you would be to the

person you love most. As you go down upon your knees, try to wake up that spirit of tenderness towards God.

2. *Sensitiveness.* Try to keep your soul sensitive to every touch, to every whisper of the Spirit of God.

3. *Tranquillity.* You must possess your soul in peace. Do not let any distracting thoughts come into your mind, whether of sin or of work, or of anything else. The whole heaven is reflected in a small body of water that is perfectly still.

THE DEFEAT OF THE AMALEKITES

Exodus xvii. 9–13

And Moses said to Josue: Choose out men: and go and fight against Amalec. To-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill, having the rod of God in my hand.

Josue did as Moses had spoken, and he fought against Amalec; but Moses, and Aaron, and Hur went up upon the top of the hill.

And when Moses lifted up his hands, Israel overcame: but if he let them down a little, Amalec overcame.

And Moses' hands were heavy; so they took a stone, and put under him, and he sat on it: and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands on both sides. And it came to pass that his hands were not weary until sunset.

And Josue put Amalec and his people to flight, by the edge of the sword.

THE people of God have come out of their captivity in Egypt, and are marching through the desert on their way to the land of promise. Weak and poor as they are, they are the centre of the world's

hopes. They are the ancient Church through whom God is to deal with the world and give it its Redeemer. That journey from Egypt to Palestine is fraught with great results for the human race. Its history is only written in Holy Scripture, but its results are known throughout the world. And they are surrounded on all sides with difficulties and opposition. Let them lose heart and undergo defeat, and God's plan must fail. He has committed it to their care and vigilance and fortitude.

The sacred writer is describing their first great battle. The Amalekites, a people great and strong, attack them and try to stop their passage, and the battle rages all day long, and Israel defeats the Amalekites.

And in the evening they would talk over deeds of prowess and courage, the slain and the wonders, and how by the sword and their own right hand they had gained the victory. In the noise and din of battle they only felt the pressure and strain and the inspiration of the presence of following their future leader. But if that were all they would never have won. There was another side, a hidden source of strength that won the victory and saved the people of God from destruction. They were utterly inexperienced in the methods of warfare, it was their first battle. They were still but a number of hunted slaves. But though it seemed to them as if their victory was the result of their courage and skill, it sprang from something else.

Upon the mountain-top there stood a solitary figure with uplifted hands, his ears filled with the noise of the battle in the plain, his eyes turned to Heaven in prayer. He stood there suffering and interceding all that weary day; when Moses' arms fell, Israel was defeated, while he held them up they were victorious. The battle was won by the efforts of the armies of Israel strengthened and spiritualised by the prayers and sufferings of Moses. The efforts of Israel alone could not have prevailed, their enemy was stronger and more skilled than they, and the prayers of Moses alone could not have won. It was the combination of both. The active arms of the people of God in the battle-field, and the hidden life of their great leader and lawgiver.

The things that were written aforetime were written for our learning.

This people was the Church in embryo and in type. The battle was a greater one than could be measured by the eye. It was one of those battles in the age-long war between the people of God and His enemies. The Church was moving forward towards its destiny, the enemy would stop it. It is the battle between right and wrong, true and false. Everyone knows it and feels it. To some it is a constant, fierce, unending fight; some it exhilarates, some it depresses. Each individual must take his part in this endless warfare or be defeated. And the life of the Church is like the life of an army,

always in conflict with enemies visible and invisible. The enemy that is seen changes its form and its method of attack. Sometimes a subtle rationalism, sometimes a rank materialism, just as with Israel it was sometimes the bands of the Bedouin Arabs making swift descents upon them, sometimes the mighty forces of Egypt or Assyria, Babylon, Greece or Rome. The Prince of this world—the Prince of the powers of the air—is always valiant, drilling and marshalling the forces and urging them to battle. This world is set in the midst of special forces that work, not merely for the ruin of this person or that, but to thwart the purposes of God.

No man, indeed, in this world need ever seek after struggle. Let him seek after life and the struggle will come naturally. Whatever he tries to do well he will find that it involves effort and struggle. But with every change in the character of life will come a change in the character of the struggle that goes with it. A man tries to be rich and he has to meet the hindrances that beset his search—the fickleness of the market—the competition of others, his own temptation to indolence or cowardice. And when the man becomes rich, he has to struggle to be wise in the use of his riches—with that there begins a new struggle—against prejudice, folly, the spendthrift or miserly spirit.

But a man tries to be good. He has to fight

himself it is true, but as the struggle goes on he finds that he has to fight not merely himself. He becomes at first dimly, gradually more clearly conscious that there are powers of evil around him, that people and things seem thrown across his path to seduce and deceive him. We find that the things that happen can only be accounted for by the presence of another intelligence than our own—that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers of the world of this darkness. No century has had its eyes so fixed upon the human struggle, none has made so little of the thought of spiritual powers of evil outside of us trying to destroy the soul. We need to remember that the universe is large, that it is full of beings who must influence us and that the evil, tangible, concrete, which I struggle with in my own soul has its roots and sources further back in the world of spiritual beings which stretch far beyond my sight, but which touch and tell upon my life.

He, therefore, who tries to live a holy life is beset by a new kind of enemy, a new kind of struggle, and lives in the midst of fears which he never felt before. Range beyond range, world beyond world, back into the most mysterious distance of the universe their hostile faces are bent upon us, their breath is felt upon our cheek.

Look then at this new struggle, this new life which a man begins when, for the first time, he

tries to battle with his sins. The man who heretofore tried to do right because he thought it was decent or for some other motive gets a new idea. He is not merely fighting himself, he is fighting mighty spiritual powers.

And when he looks out upon the world he sees there organised and marshalled forces of evil, organising and marshalling the powers of earth to co-operate. Why are men deluded to believe a lie? Why does it seem easier for them to believe a falsehood than the truth? What gives such a glitter to the venom of pride? Why do people condone evil? Why do we mistake immorality for manliness and admire the spirit of worldliness more than that of godliness? Because we are deluded by the great deceiver. Therefore evil cannot be conquered by any warfare that lies merely in the armoury of human nature. Spiritual evil can only be met and conquered by spiritual powers. The clearest argument will not convince. The strongest arm cannot overcome evil; it escapes, eludes, tires men out and outlives them.

Spiritual powers of evil can only be vanquished by spiritual powers of good—and man is the instrument in the hands of both.

As the armies of Israel go forth to fight Amalek, Moses goes up on the mountains and prays. And while his hands are uplifted Israel prevails, when they fall wearied by his side there is no power that can check the onrush of Amalek.

THE PROPHETS

Isaiah lv. 5

"Nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel."

THE prophets were not merely men to whom God gave a special gift that had no relation to the men themselves, the gift of foretelling the future. Many of them did not foretell. They had above all things the gift of *insight*, they saw *into* the very springs of the nation's life. Their voice was like conscience calling the nation to live up to its ideal. They uttered the deepest things of their nation's hopes and aims. In this larger sense of the word every nation has had its prophets—men who uttered and articulated all the unspoken longings of their nation's heart.

Now everyone must feel the contrast between the expression of Israel's hopes and aims and that of every other nation of antiquity. Each had its life and its work and its national spirit. Some of them have given to the world what she must ever be grateful for, but when Israel

speaks through her prophets there are two things which especially mark her :

1. All her deepest hopes are spiritual—if Greece represents the mind, and Rome the body, Israel represents the spirit—her life gathers around and is stimulated by the hope of the Messiah. One is conscious of a mysterious vocation. She cannot be like other nations, when she tries she becomes grotesque and fails.

2. She has an ever-increasing certainty that she has the secret that the world needs to know. There is something daring in the way this people—a handful occupying a narrow strip of territory—insists that to her shall all nations of the world come—surrounded on all sides by nations whose greatness stands out in contrast to her smallness, she yet insists that she shall live, that in her all nations of the earth shall be blessed.

And what those Jews thought of old has been realised beyond their power to imagine—it is upon the literature of the Jews that all the civilised world feeds, it is at the feet of the Jews that we learn wisdom. When we would utter the deepest cries of penitence or the loftiest shouts of praise it is to the Jewish prayers we turn. Yes, to Him who was born under the law, to the Son of David, to Him who was circumcised and kept the Law, all nations of the earth came. He is the Door by whom if any enter in He shall dwell safely—apart from Him we can do nothing. This was the unconscious inspira-

tion of the Jews of old—they felt that they had something which no other nation had, a mysterious power of attraction, a strange gift to bless and help mankind, and they were right. The event has proved that they were not mistaken.

Now what Israel was to the world of old the Church is to the world to-day. She stands in the midst of all the brilliant civilisation of the world professing with an insistence that never falters that she and she alone can satisfy the deepest needs of men. She does not profess to give what other great kingdoms give, but she does profess to give what is more universally needed. Some men may want wealth, some may want power, some what will satisfy ambition, but the Church keeps repeating the words of Her Head : " Come unto Me, and I will give you rest. I have the secret that helps men when every other help fails."

Brethren, there is something very striking in this constant persistence of first a nation, then a society breaking through all the barriers of national life, claiming that the real helper of man is that which represents not mere intellectual or earthly power but spiritual.

Judaism stands forth, saying : " Nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel." The Church as the true Israel stands forth, saying : " Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." Men have professed in different ages

and under different forms of expression that they could do without her, but she still lives and still bids us test her claim.

Now all this is not only a truth but it is a type. It represents the way in which everywhere the spiritual man is meant to be the central man, the fountain of illumination and attraction to other men. The typical Jew of old, the typical Christian to-day is in epitome what Judaism and Christianity is as a whole to the world. Christianity lives with the quiet sense of certainty that it is needed, that it can help, not by mixing with politics and the rest, but by living its own quiet yet strong life, not by advertising and pushing, but by *existing*. It has, as it were, the key to man's deeper nature: it says, in spite of all this bluster and talk, in spite of all this show and laughter, you are not satisfied. And when life begins to fail, when need and misery or the sense of sin or the shadow of death draw near, then oftentimes men turn away from their holiday friends; they cannot talk to them of the deep things of life, they turn to the Church. So there is all the world over a type of man and woman who represents this, the spiritual man, the man of insight and of faith, whose life goes deeper than the surface, who does not care two straws about being fashionable or popular, whose heart is set upon deeper and more permanent things. Do you know him? the man of high ideal who lets many an opportunity, as it seems, slip by, who

does not press his opinions, nay, often whose opinions you do not know, but who represents to all who know him just that thing which ordinary people do not represent—a man who makes real within himself that which in you was only a possibility. Do you young girls who romp and riot and play fast and loose with every sacred principle and bond, and try by sheer daring to gain influence and a hold on others—do you know what it is when those you fain would influence most, turn from you to some quiet person whom in your heart you despised and often ridiculed, and you find yourself deserted for her? Do you know, young men, one amongst yourselves the least noisy, the least dogmatic, who stands aside and takes no part in the wordy conflict while you are in the very front laying down the law, and as you think influencing others—yet who, out of all this tumult, by the simple force of a strict and consistent character gains what he never sought, the deepest influence and firmest hold.

Of all the men you play with or do business with, there's not one to whom you would turn in the real troubles of your heart, save this one man, true, quiet and retiring, who has a secret strength you cannot gauge or measure or define, who is like the Church in the world, like Israel amongst the nations.

Oh, the strange freaks of fate! Here are crowds ready to do or say or dare anything if only they can gain a certain position and sway,

and here are men turning from them to some quiet character, who has just two or three recommendations, absolute sincerity and a high ideal, who is spiritual, who has too deep an insight into the reality of life, too much self-respect to debase himself for anyone.

What cares he for mere popularity or success? He knows his secret—that in the most trifling and superficial nature there is an unsounded deep, that underneath all the noise and bluster and profanity there is a great void and hushed silence more eloquent than words that cries with passionate tears for help and sympathy and support.

Ah, tiny Israel between Assyria and Egypt—they pass away, she is eternal; they look stronger, she has the strength of Eternity—for riches, cleverness, popularity are ephemeral, but holiness is Divine.

THE PATTERN ON THE MOUNT

Exodus xxv. 8–xxv. 40

And they shall make me a sanctuary: and I will dwell in the midst of them.

According to all the likeness of the tabernacle which I will shew thee, and of all the vessels for the service thereof: and thus you shall make it:

Frame an ark of setim wood, the length whereof shall be of two cubits and a half: the breadth, a cubit and a half: the height likewise, a cubit and a half.

And thou shalt overlay it with the purest gold within and without: and over it thou shalt make a golden crown round about. . . .

Look, and make it according to the pattern that was shewn thee in the mount.

THERE is, I think all will acknowledge, in our day, a growing restlessness amongst a large class of people on a question that our grandfathers seem to have been little disturbed about, and that is the question, "What am I to do with my life—am I making the best use of it and putting my powers to the best account?" It is a question

that naturally disturbs women more than men, as most men have to settle down to some work early in life. But there are multitudes of women to-day in comfortable homes with no apparent reason for any restlessness, with every reason for content, who are not contented ; and for many reasons we thank God for this discontent and hail it as a sign of a more serious view of things. Of course there is a restlessness that is wrong and ought to be checked, for it springs from a changeful and excitable disposition which is not content to do the duty that is plain and clear. But it is not of this that I want to speak. There is a large and increasing number of educated—and often well-to-do people—upon whom the question is ever pressing—" What am I to do with my life ? " Now there are two ways of answering such a question.

1. We may suggest to different people various forms of usefulness upon which they might expend their energies—and there are opportunities and means enough—but after all, when we have said all we can, we may not have hit upon the right thing for just that one person.

2. There is a better way and a wiser way, and that is to suggest some wide-reaching principle which may help people to see and decide for themselves. There are some people who always like to have everything laid out for them, to be taken in hand by someone who will manage for them and arrange all plans for them.

But these are not the people whose lives are of most worth, nor are those who undertake such minute arrangement always the wisest guides. There are numbers of earnest and devout people who, however faithful, are doing very little, because the pattern of their life is weak.

What then is the principle that should guide you in laying out the plan of your life. "See that thou make all things according to the Pattern shewn thee in the Mount."

Moses was to build a dwelling-place for the God of Israel. There was in all that concerned the Religion of the Jewish people far more than appeared on the surface. Everything in it was typical and looked beyond the immediate occasion, every detail was of importance. A violation of some minute instruction God punished with death. It was so necessary that this tabernacle should be exactly in correspondence with the purpose of God. It would not do to build the most costly and gorgeous one that had ever been built—the care and money spent on it would not atone for the fact that it was not all that God wanted. As a matter of fact, the tabernacle was not especially magnificent when it stood complete. Its excellence consisted in this only, that every detail was as God wished.

Moses therefore, before the work was begun, was called up into the mountain, and God revealed to him the pattern of the building. He saw it all in vision, something strange,

mysterious, perhaps fantastic, certainly not what we would have imagined, and then he came down and got the people to work. They had to do not what seemed to them best, but what was revealed to Moses—and its excellence, its perfection, consisted in its being an exact reproduction of what was in the mind of God. All the building and carving and weaving and dyeing of materials was but the transference from the region of ideas into the region of realities, of what was existing in the mind of God.

If we enlarge this conception we have one of the greatest and most inspiring principles of human life. As the tabernacle existed before it was built, so does every human life exist in the mind of God. The task of each member of the human race is to transfer the plan of his life existing in the mind of God into the region of material realities.

Such an idea is stimulating and ennobling to the poorest life—the material for the work is supplied by God Himself; there can be no failure on the ground of unfitness, lack of gifts or powers. The tabernacle of your life lives in the mind of God unsullied by any flaw, mistake or sin, and the material out of which that life has been formed lies before you—it *is* you—with your powers few or many, as God gave them. We can have no doubt of their suitableness or sufficiency; the provider is God, the builder is yourself. There is a pattern made of

those very materials in the mind of God—and the secret which God whispers to each soul is, "See that thou make all things according to the Pattern shewn thee in the Mount."

In the realisation and carrying out of that plan lies perfection. Your life may be very full and noble and yet it may fail, because you never thought of conforming it to any pattern, or because you chose a wrong pattern. You see the test of the value of your life becomes entirely changed, you do not test it by the many or few noble deeds you have done, by the people you have helped, but by one thing only, how far does it correspond with the pattern existing in the mind of God. Remember the tabernacle if left to the devotion of the people might have been far richer and more gorgeous, but their gifts, their work, everything was constructed by the Pattern Moses had seen.

Men judge others' lives by various standards of excellence; God judges by one alone, by its conformity to its Pattern.

Such a conception of life takes away at once all the feeling of extemporaneousness and capriciousness. Everything outward that happens to you comes of design, those high walls that shut you in and enclose your life till you feel as if you would suffocate—the question is what part of the tabernacle of your life is meant to be developed by such circumstances?

Broad plains open out before you—things offer to be done or borne—you must go up into

the Mount and see the Pattern and then come down to work it out.

1. Such a conception of life, as it broadens out before your mind, instead of being an oppressive and mechanical one, gives to it breadth, originality and interest. You conform to no fictitious standards and arbitrary lines—you strike out as God leads you.

2. It teaches you to measure things not by the appearance of their worth, nor even necessarily by their fruits, but by the one standard of conformity. The poorest and most ungifted life is as capable of fulfilling its purpose as the most richly endowed.

3. It teaches you to have the highest ideals always before your mind.

So we return to the question we started with. What shall I do with my life? Am I doing the most I can with it?

At once it is narrowed down—it is not necessarily a question of doing more or less, but doing what God made me to do.

Go up into the mountain of prayer—gaze upon Him who is the true mountain, the meeting-place of Heaven and earth, Jesus Christ, and ask in the light of His example, are you seeking to conform yourself to the Pattern in the mind of God, as He always did. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me."

Is your life now such as you believe God meant it, such as you can offer to Him? If you feel it is not:

246.72
M437

3671

MATURIN, BASIL WILLIAM

AUTHOR
Old Testament Meditations

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER
	STORAGE - CBPL	
	J. Hagemann	

3671